

**DELL**  
Western  
Adventure

MAY-JULY  
Still 10¢

# LAWMAN

Dan Troop sets a trap to end the reign  
of the silent guns!



JOHN  
RUSSELL

PETER  
BROWN

# THE SILENT GUNS



"The odds were against us when we tried to follow the trail of the 'quiet' bandits who had robbed our town . . . even the rain had helped them escape by erasing their tracks.

"But patience is rewarding, and we uncovered not only a clue but also a plot which took us back to Laramie and more waiting. . . This time we played the outlaws' game with surprising results."





# LAWMAN

## THE SILENT GUNS



IT IS SATURDAY EVENING IN LARAMIE AND, ON A HILL OUTSIDE OF TOWN, FIVE MEN WATCH A SUEKBOARD PULL UP IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL STORE . . .

THAT'S THE CASH BEIN' BROUGHT TO THE STORE NOW!

HOW MUCH YOU FIGURE IT IS, GARRETT?



[IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT, SCALES] EVERY COWBOY IN THE TERRITORY COMES IN TO CASH IN HIS DUST OR PAYROLL VOUCHER . . . I GUESS IT'S A SIZEABLE POUCH OF MONEY THAT STOREKEEPER HAS!



AND IT'S TIME WE GOT IT!

LEAD THE WAY, GARRETT!



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**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**

YOU SURE THE  
MARSHAL IS  
OUT OF TOWN?

YEP! SAW HIM RIDE OUT IN  
A HURRY...HIS BADGE AN'  
FLAPPIN' ON HIS COAT!  
(COURSE HE'S GOT A  
DEPUTY...



BUT IF FIVE OF US CAN'T TAKE  
CARE OF ONE DEPUTY, HE MIGHT  
AS WELL GUT AN' RAISE CORN  
AN' BEANS!



CASUALLY, BUT WITH EVERY  
MOVEMENT WELL-PLANNED,  
THE OUTLAWS TAKE UP THEIR  
POSITIONS...



RIGHT WITH YOU,  
FELLAS!

TAKE YOUR TIME,  
MISTER!



NOW THEN, BOYS...  
WHAT'LL IT BE?

KINDA QUIET FOR A  
SATURDAY, HENT IT?



WON'T BE FOR LONG!  
HALF-HOUR FROM NOW  
AN' THIS PLACE'LL BE  
BULGIN' AT THE WALLS!

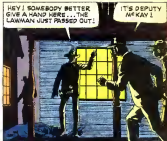
WE GOT A  
PAYROLL VOUCHER  
TO CASH!







NICE WORK,  
PELL. NOW GET  
OUT OF FIGHT!



HEY! SOMEBODY BETTER  
GIVE A HAND HERE...THE  
LAWMAN JUST PASSED OUT!

IT'S DEPUTY  
MCKAY!



I WAS TALKIN' TO HIM, AND  
ALL OF A SUDDEN HE JUST  
KNEELED OVER... MUST BE A  
POWERFUL FEVER, I

WE'LL GET  
HIM OVER,  
TO THE DOC  
...THANKS,  
MISTER!



GLAD TO HELP YOU,  
BOYS... SURE HOPE  
HE GETS BETTER!

YEAH... BUT NOT  
BEFORE WE GET  
OUT OF TOWN!



GARRETT'S SWILIN' LIKE  
A HYENA... MUST BE TIME  
TO DO SOME RIDIN'!



AND SO, WITH NEVER A SHOT  
FIRED, THE OUTLAWS RIDE  
QUIETLY OUT OF LARAMIE...





A SHORT TIME  
LATER, ON THE  
TRAIL...

IT'S MARSHAL  
TROOP!

I WAS KIND OF HOPING TO  
AVOID HIM! WHEN HE FINDS  
OUT WHAT HAPPENED, HE'LL  
PROBABLY FIRE ME!

BUT WHEN DAN TROOP HEARS THE STORY...

MUST HAVE BEEN THE SAME  
MEN I SAW ABOUT AN HOUR  
AGO!

YOU SAW THEM?



THEY WERE RIDING UP CARSON  
RIDGE... I SHOULD'VE KNOWN  
SOMETHING WAS FUNNY... FIVE  
MEN RIDING OUT OF TOWN ON  
SATURDAY NIGHT INSTEAD OF  
FIVE TO IT!

FIVE?



THAT'S RIGHT! MAYBE YOU DIDN'T SEE  
ALL OF THEM, BUT THEY WERE THERE!  
THE IMPORTANT THING NOW IS TO  
CONCENTRATE ON GETTING THAT  
MONEY BACK!



FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS, THE MEN  
FOLLOW THE OUTLANS' TRAIL, AND THEN...

MR. TROOP,  
LOOK!

FIVE HORSES!





**DAN TROOP EXAMINES THE TRACKS...**

THEY SWITCHED TO  
FRESH HORSES HERE  
...TURNED THE OTHER  
ONES LOOSE!



THE TRACKS SPLIT UP, TOO!  
THESE MEN HAD THE WHOLE  
ROBBERY PLANNED TO THE  
LAST DETAIL!

SO WHAT  
CAN WE DO?



NOTHING, FOR THE MOMENT!  
WE'LL TRY AND GET FULL  
DESCRIPTIONS ON THE MEN  
YOU FELLOWS SAW, AND SEND  
OUT CIRCULARS TO ALL MARSHALS  
IN THE TERRITORY!



AND MAYBE YOU AND I, JOHNNY,  
CAN TRY AND FOLLOW ONE OF  
THESE SETS OF TRACKS IN THE  
MORNING...

SURE A  
TOUGH  
BREAK WE  
HAVE TO WAIT!



PATIENCE, THEY SAY, IS A VIRTUE...  
AND SOONER OR LATER WE'LL  
FIND THOSE MEN! FOR NOW, WE'LL  
HAVE TO SETTLE FOR THEIR TIRED  
HORSES!



**LATER THAT NIGHT, BACK IN LARAMIE...**

THERE'S THREE HUNDRED HERE,  
MED... IT'S THE BEST PRICE I  
COULD GET FOR THOSE HORSES!  
IT'S STILL A LONG WAY FROM  
THE FIVE THOUSAND BUT IT'S  
A START...

I GAVE YOUR  
DEPUTY THE  
INFORMATION  
ON DESCRIPTIONS...  
MARSHAL...



I KNOW...WE'VE TELEGRAPHED THE INFORMATION TO ALL THE LAW OFFICES FOR MILES AROUND!

YOU THINK THOSE PELLAS WILL EVER COME BACK THIS WAY?



MAYBE...BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO WAIT, NO...JOHNNY AND I ARE RIDING AT DAWN! IF WE CAN FIND JUST ONE OF THEM, WE MIGHT LEAD US TO THE OTHERS...



BUT AS DAWN BREAKS...

JUST LOOK AT THAT, MR. TROOP! IT'S POURING BUCKETS!

EVEN THE ~~WIND~~ THERE IS ON THEIR SIDE!



IF THERE ~~WERE~~ ANY CLEAR TRACKS, THEY'RE WASHED OUT BY NOW!

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AFTER ALL...



LIKE YOU SAID, MR. TROOP! PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE....

I ~~SAID~~ IT, JOHNNY... BUT I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF I ~~BELIEVE~~ IT!



DAN TROOP AND JOHNNY MEKAY ARE FORCED TO WAIT IT OUT AND ONE MORNING, ABOUT THREE DAYS LATER...

LOOKS LIKE THE WAITING'S OVER MR. TROOP...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JOHNNY?



TELEGRAPH MESSAGE FROM  
MARSHAL JOHNSON IN  
HORSE CREEK...SPOTTED  
A FELLOW IN TOWN THAT  
FITS ONE OF THOSE ON  
THE BULLETIN WE  
SENT OUT!

LET'S  
SEE  
THAT!

AND IT SAYS HE'S WAITING  
TILL TOMORROW MORNING TO  
BUY SOME HORSES...

IT LOOKS  
LIKE  
THEY'RE  
PLANNING  
ANOTHER  
JOB!

NOT IF WE CAN HELP IT,  
JOHNNY...LET'S RIDE!  
WE CAN BE IN HORSE  
CREEK BY TONIGHT!

THROUGHOUT THE DAY, DAN AND  
JOHNNY M'KEAY RIDE HARD...

AND EVENING BRINGS THEM TO  
THE TOWN OF HORSE CREEK...

SOON...

LET'S TALK TO THE MARSHAL  
AND FIND OUT MORE ABOUT  
THIS!

...AND I'VE KEPT AN  
EYE ON HIM, DAN...HE'S  
BEEN DOIN' SOME HEAVY  
SPENDIN' OVER AT THE  
PINK PALACE!

HERE'S THE DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN...

THAT'S THE ONE I TALKED TO... WHILE I WAS LIGHTING A MATCH FOR HIM, ONE OF THE OTHERS HIT ME FROM BEHIND!



YOU WAIT HERE, JOHNNY... NO SENSE ALARMING HIM, RIGHT AWAY... I'LL GO OVER THERE AND SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT ANYTHING!

CAREFUL, MR. TROOP... HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE!



REMOVING HIS BADGE, DAN TROOP HEADS OVER TO THE PINK PALACE...

LOOKS LIKE JOHNNY AND I AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WAITING...

WAITIN'... GETTIN' TIRED OF WAITIN'... DON'T LIKE THIS TOWN...



BUY THE GENTLEMEN DOWN THERE A DRINK!

MUCH OBLIGED, SIR!



THESE ARE ON THE GENTLEMAN DOWN THERE...

THANKS, MISTER...



STRANGER IN TOWN, EH, MISTER?

YEAH... JUST IN TOWN FOR A DAY OR TWO!



ME, TOO... JUST PASSIN' THROUGH LOOKING FOR A LITTLE EXCITEMENT!

YOU WON'T FIND IT HERE, COWBOY... NOW LARAMIE... THERE'S THE TOWN YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR!

SATURDAY NIGHT COMIN' UP, THAT OL' TOWN IS REALLY WORTH VISITIN'!

LARAMIE, EH? THAT WHERE THEY HAD THAT ROBBERY LAST WEEK?

THAT'S THE PLACE... I'LL BET THERE'LL BE SOME REAL EXCITEMENT THERE AGAIN THIS SATURDAY!

OH?

YESSIR... WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED...

YOU GOING THERE, MISTER?

YEAH... SOME FRIENDS OF MINE AN WE THOUGHT WE'D VISIT LARAMIE AGAIN! WE HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME THE LAST EVENIN' WE WERE THERE WE FIGURE IT'S WORTH A SECOND TRIP!

SAY, MAYBE I'LL JUST GO THERE MYSELF...

MAYBE I'LL SEE YOU THERE, FRIEND!

MAYBE I'M ~~SURE~~ YOU WILL!

AND SOON, BACK AT THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

GOING BACK!  
BUT WE CAME  
HERE TO...

WE CAME HERE TO TRAP  
THOSE OUTLAWS, JOHNNY!  
AND THAT'S JUST WHAT  
WE'RE GOING TO DO...



ONLY WE CAN DO IT  
RIGHT IN LARAMIE...  
AND GET **ALL** OF  
THEM AT ONCE!

BUT HOW DO  
YOU KNOW  
THEY'LL **BE**  
THERE?



ONE OF THEM JUST  
TOLD ME!

TOLD  
YOU?



LIKE I SAID, JOHNNY... THE  
PATIENT MAN EVENTUALLY  
GETS HIS WAY!

WELL,  
I'LL BE  
POISONED!



DAN AND JOHNNY SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY...

GOOD LUCK,  
MARSHAL  
TROOP!

THANKS! TOO BAD YOU'RE  
GOING TO MISS THE EXCITEMENT  
IN LARAMIE SATURDAY NIGHT...



MR. TROOP, I  
SURE WISH  
YOU'D TELL  
ME WHAT  
THIS IS ALL  
ABOUT...

I'LL EXPLAIN IT  
ALL ON THE WAY  
BACK TO LARAMIE,  
JOHNNY... AND WE  
CAN MAKE OUR  
PLANS FOR THE  
SATURDAY NIGHT  
**PARTY!**



THE NEXT MORNING, GAN TROOP CALLS A MEETING OF VOLUNTEER CITIZENS...

...AND UNLESS PLANS CHANGE, THOSE OUTLAWS ARE GOING TO TRY THE SAME THING AGAIN THIS SATURDAY NIGHT!

THEN I'M CLOSIN' UP THE STORE *EARLY*!

NO, NED... THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU CAN'T DO! WE HAVE TO SET A TRAP FOR THEM... AND THIS TIME WE'LL BE READY!

THAT'S EASY TO SAY, MARSHAL... BUT JUST 'CAUSE THEY DIDN'T SHOOT LAST TIME, DOESN'T MEAN THEY WON'T THIS TIME!

WE'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE PROTECTION IN THE WORLD, NED! IF YOU WANT YOUR FIVE THOUSAND BACK, THIS IS THE BEST WAY!



SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, MARSHAL TROOP! WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?

I'LL ASSIGN EACH OF YOU A DEFINITE POSITION IN TOWN...

WE'LL COVER EVERY POSSIBLE ESCAPE ROUTE... AND EACH MAN WILL HAVE A DEFINITE ACTION AND PURPOSE...



WE'LL GO OVER ALL  
THE DETAILS UNTIL  
EVERYONE KNOWS  
EXACTLY WHAT TO DO...

MIGHT EVEN BE  
KIND OF  
INTERESTING,  
MR. TROOP...

THOSE FELLOWS ROBBED NED'S STORE  
WITHOUT FIRIN' A SHOT! MAYBE WE CAN  
CAPTURE THEM THE SAME WAY!



SATURDAY  
EVENING...AND  
THROUGHOUT  
THE TOWN OF  
LARAMIE, THE  
MEN TAKE UP  
THEIR  
POSITIONS...

I CAN SEE A LONG WAYS FROM HERE  
...I'LL SIGNAL WHEN I SPOT THEM!



DAN TROOP WATCHES  
FROM A ROOF...



OTHER MEN ON THE  
STREET AWAIT THEIR  
SIGNAL TO ACT...



AND INSIDE THE  
GENERAL STORE, DEPUTY  
MCKAY IS ALSO READY...





THE WAGON DELIVERING  
THE CASH ARRIVES...



AND MOMENTS LATER,  
ON A HILL NEAR TOWN...



DAN TROOP SEES THE APPROACHING  
OUTLAWS AND WHISTLES THE SIGNAL...



I...I'M SHAKIN' SO BAD  
MY LEGS WILL HARDLY  
STAY QUIET!

EASY, NED...  
IT'LL ALL BE  
OVER IN A FEW  
MINUTES!



AS THEY DID  
THE FIRST  
TIME, THE  
OUTLAWS  
MOVE  
CASUALLY,  
UNWARE  
THAT  
THEY ARE  
OBSERVED...



THE CASH, MISTER...  
AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

YAW-VESSIR...



HIDDEN FROM SIGHT, JOHNNY'S GUN IS  
TRAINED ON THE OUTLAWS EVERY SECOND...



OUTSIDE, DAN TROOP SIGNALS HIS  
MEN ON THE STREET...



AND THE VOLUNTEERS  
GO INTO ACTION...



SILENTLY, ONE OF THE OUTLAWS  
IS SURPRISED...



AND THEN, THE SECOND MAN...





DAN TROOP  
HEARS  
JOHNNY'S  
SHOUT AND  
SWINGS  
DOWN FROM  
THE ROOF...

GENERAL  
STORE

WHAP!



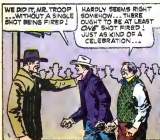
THE PATIENCE PAID OFF, MISTER! FROM

NOW ON YOU'LL  
DO ALL THE  
WAITING...IN A  
PRISON CELL!



WE DO IT, MR. TROOP  
...WITHOUT A SINGLE  
SHOT BEING FIRED!

HARDLY SEEMS RIGHT  
SOMEHOW... THERE  
OUGHT TO BE AT LEAST  
ONE SHOT FIRED!  
JUST AS KIND OF A  
CELEBRATION....



GO AHEAD, NED  
...GET IT OUT OF  
YOUR SYSTEM!

ONE WEEK OF  
SILENCE AND  
NOW IT HAD TO  
BE SPOILED!



## WESTWARD-HO the BOATS



"Send her off the larboard bow, Cap'n!" the lookout on the stern-wheeler Spencer bawled.

"Quick, man, starboard rudder!" Captain Calwell called to his young pilot.

Jim Harvey pulled hard on the spokes of the huge steering wheel, and the boat slowly responded, fighting against the drift.

"Now turn her back! Back! We're swinging too far!" the captain shouted.

"Whew!" he panted when they were on a straight course again. "With a full load of passengers and freight, we can't afford to pole up anyplace. You told me you had experience in handling boats and knew this river, man!"

"I do!" Jim nodded emphatically. "I've been up and down it a dozen times on the Good Hope. But it's two hundred miles or more to Westland. You can't expect me to know every single sand bar along the way."

"No, I reckon not," the captain sighed. "And you came to me recommended as knowing the river as well as anybody else. But we're doing real pioneering here, Jim. Mine is one of the first big boats to get this far west, and the extent of my future business will depend on how successful we are in getting through to Westland."

"We'll make it, sir," Jim said grimly, adding to himself, "with a little luck!"

But later that afternoon, the tide of fortune ran against the big stern-wheeler, and she found herself jammed solidly in a small channel between two sand bars.

"You warned me about this stretch in here, but I thought you said the channel was wide enough to navigate!" Captain Calwell stormed, redfaced, at Jim.

Jim was peering over the side of the boat with a worried look on his face. "The river's unusually low for this time of the year, Cap'n," he explained. "I reckon they've been having a dry spell up north."

"Well, that's just dandy!" the captain fumed. "It's too low for us to turn around

and dig our own channel through this stretch with our paddle wheel, so what do we do now? Wait until the river rises?"

"That might take weeks, even months," Jim replied slowly. "No, I figured if this were the case, we'd just have to rig up some poles and go over these bars like I used to do with the Good Hope."

The captain was astonished at Jim's suggestion, but, lacking any better idea, listened to his plan.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all!" he exclaimed when Jim had finished talking. "I don't know if that'll work on a boat this size, but anything's worth a try!"

Under Jim's direction, two long spars were attached to the boat near the bow, one on each side. These were lowered into the water and adjusted so that they dug into the sand bars just ahead of the boat. Then cables were attached to the opposite ends of the spars and wrapped around the bow capstan.

The capstan groaned, the cables creaked, and, slowly, the boat raised itself. The spars acted like a pair of giant crutches and dropped the boat several feet ahead of its previous position. Men then rushed to reset the spars. This procedure was repeated until the big vessel was over the bars.

"Well, you're sure taught me a lesson!" Captain Calwell chuckled when they were safely on their way again in deeper water. "Jim, you've got a job with me as chief pilot for as long as you like!"

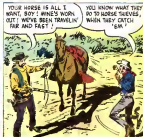
"I know your own boat wasn't anywhere near the size of mine, but it still must have been quite a job to rig up a setup like that on it. How did you manage?"

"It wasn't too hard," Jim admitted somewhat shyly. "Although we only had sails for power. To tell you the truth, my partner used to stand at the front and pole the boat up over the sand bars while I poled it forward from the rear. You see, the Good Hope was only a small supply barge, not more than twenty feet long over all!"

# THE HORSE STEALERS

YOUNG JOHNNY MOORE IS RIDING WESTWARD THROUGH STRANGE COUNTRY, HEADING FOR NEW TERRITORY AND A NEW JOB...

HOLD IT, YOUNG FELLA! KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH AND STEP DOWN OFF THAT HORSE... SLOW AND EASY!



WELL...WHAT DO YOU KNOW? HE  
DID SWAP THREE FOR ONE! FINE  
HORSES, TOO! THEY DON'T LOOK  
WORN-OUT TO ME! THAT HORSE'S  
EITHER LOSE, OR ON THE RUN!



STEADY, BOY! YOU'RE ALL HEARIN'  
THE SAME CIRCLE-X BRAND! I'M  
AUGHTY SURE IT DOESN'T BELONG  
TO THAT HORSE WHO LEFT YOU  
HERE! WE'LL  
TELL A LAWMAN  
IN THE NEXT  
TOWN!



5 JOHNNY  
IS READY  
TO RIDE...

HOLD IT, FELLA! KEEP  
YOUR HANDS ON THE SADDLE  
HORN! THIS IS THE END OF  
YOUR THEVIN'TRAIL!

THEY'RE OUR  
HORSES, ALL RIGHT,  
JIM! HE STOLE  
'EM WHILE WE  
WERE SLEEPIN'!

WAIT A  
MINUTE,  
STRANGERS!  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

I OWN THE  
CIRCLE-X!  
THESE MEN  
WORK FOR  
ME, AND  
THESE HORSES  
ARE MINE!



I DIDN'T STEAL THEM! I  
CAN EXPLAIN! I WAS  
STARTIN' FOR TOWN TO  
FIND A LAWMAN!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIS LIES,  
JIM! WE KNOW HOW TO  
TAKE CARE OF LOW-DOWN  
HORSE THIEVES!

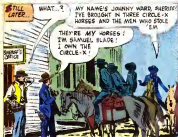
DON'T MOVE,  
FELLA! I'LL  
TAKE YOUR  
GUN!

HUSTLE IT UP,  
JIM! WE'VE GOT  
A LONG WAY TO  
GO!









# LAWMAN

## ARMCHAIR MARSHAL

ONE MORNING OUTSIDE OF LIRMIE,  
DAN TROOP AND JOHNNY MERRY FINISH  
A ROUTINE INVESTIGATION ...

THERE'S NO SIGN  
OF ANYBODY HAVING  
BEEN HERE, JOHNNY!

NOT A ONE, MR. TROOP...  
BUT WHEN NED MILLER  
SAID HE SAW A MAN OUT  
HERE LAST NIGHT, I TOLD  
HIM WE'D CHECK...JUST  
TO MAKE SURE!



PROBABLY JUST A PRIEST  
STOPPING TO SLEEP THE NIGHT  
...HASN'T BEEN ANYONE LIVING  
HERE FOR YEARS!



SUDDENLY, AS DAN STEPS ONTO THE ROTTED  
FURCH...



YOU ALL  
RIGHT, MR.  
TROOP?

I... I THINK I'VE  
SPAINED MY ANKLE...



OF ALL THE FOOL  
THINGS TO HAPPEN...

EASY NOW...I'LL GET  
YOU IN TO SEE THE  
DOC!



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN TOWN...

NO BACK

TALK, DAN

YOU SURE YOU GOT  
THAT BANDAGE TIGHT  
ENOUGH, DOC? IF THAT  
WAS MY NECK, I'D BE  
CHOWING TO DEATH!

TROOP...YOU'VE GOT  
YOURSELF A BAD  
SPRAIN, AND I KNOW  
WHAT'S BEST!



YOU'LL HAVE TO  
STAY OFF THAT  
FOOT FOR A  
GOOD WEEK  
OR SO...

BUT HOW CAN I PERFORM  
MY JOB SITTING HERE? I  
'VE GOT WORK TO DO...  
I —



YOU'VE GOT A GOOD DEPUTY HERE TO DO  
YOUR LEG WORK FOR YOU! IF ANY RIDIN'  
OR WALKIN' HAS TO BE  
DONE, JOHNNY CAN DO IT!

IT'LL ONLY BE  
TEMPORARY,  
MR. TROOP...



NOW YOU SEE HE STAYS PUT,  
JOHNNY...THAT SPRAIN'S GOT  
TO HAVE TIME TO HEAL!

YES, SIR!



I'LL GET YOU SOME  
MAGAZINES AND PAPERS,  
MR. TROOP...

I DON'T NEED  
MAGAZINES AND  
PAPERS! I'M JUST  
FINE...



I CAN STAND ON THIS  
ANKLE JUST AS GOOD  
AS —





THAT NIGHT, IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL STORE...



BREAKING THE LOCK, THE INTRUDER RAISES THE WINDOW...



AS THE MAN RIFLES THROUGH THE BOXES...



PUTTING FIVE BRAND-NEW SIX-GUNS INTO  
A BAG, THE MAN STARTS OUT...



BUT AS HE CLIMBS OUT INTO THE STREET...



HEY, WHO'S  
THAT?

THE DEPUTY!



JOHNNY FIRES, BUT TOO LATE...



AND SOON...

... AND IT WAS  
SO DARK, I COULD  
BARELY SEE HIM! AND THERE  
WASN'T A SADDLED HORSE IN  
SIGHT, OR I MIGHT HAVE TRIED  
TO RIDE AFTER HIM!

ANY IDEA  
WHAT WAS  
STOLEN?



I SENT SOMEBODY TO GET MR. CALHOUN...  
SOON AS HE GETS HERE, HE CAN LOOK OVER  
HIS STOCK... SEE  
WHAT'S MISSING!

IF ONLY I COULD GET  
OUT OF THIS FOOL OFFICE!



WE CAN STILL WORK TOGETHER ON THIS, MR. TROOP! I'LL REPORT ON EVERYTHING TO YOU AS SOON AS I GET THE INFORMATION...AND YOU CAN DECIDE WHAT WE SHOULD DO!

KIND OF AN ARMCHAIR MARSHAL...WELL, I GUESS IT'S THE BEST WE CAN DO!



IT IS ALMOST DAYLIGHT WHEN MR. CALHOON ARRIVES AT THE STORE...

FIVE BRAND-NEW SIX-GUNS...THAT'S ALL THAT'S MISSING! I JUST GOT 'EM IN YESTERDAY, TOO...WASN'T EVEN PUT 'EM IN THE CASE!

SURE THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE?



NOPE...UNLESS YOU COUNT THAT SACK OF FLOUR THAT'S RUINED!



CAN'T TELL MUCH FROM THIS...IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY BOOT PRINT!

SURE TOO BAD THE MARSHAL'S Laid UP... HE'D KNOW WHAT TO DO...



NO OFFENSE MEANT, REPUTY...BUT IT'S JUST WE'VE BEEN HANDLIN' THINGS LIKE THIS LONGER'N YOU...

WE'RE WORKING ON THIS TOGETHER, MR. CALHOON... HIS LEG MAY BE OUT OF ORDER BUT NOT HIS MIND!



JOHNNY REPORTS BACK TO SAW TROOP...

...AND THE SIX-GUNS WERE THE ONLY THINGS STOLEN!

DID YOU MEASURE THAT FOOTPRINT?





JOHNNY MEASURES THE FOOTPRINT IN THE  
STORE AND TALKS TO THE OWNER AGAIN...



JOHNNY REPORTS BACK TO DAN TROOP...









## SPEAKING OF COWBOYS...



"Cowboys are a wild and lusty breed of men. They work hard and play hard. Surprisingly enough, though—they rarely get into trouble with the law. The cows keep them too busy and tired.



"Probably one of the main reasons why you never see an over-weight cowboy is because they're kept this way to it that their cattle stay fat. A cow which does any extra running about on a drive may lose up to a hundred pounds, and, since they sell by weight, pounds are dollars.



"The trick in driving cattle is to keep them moving forward in a straight line—not scattering or going too fast, which could cause a stampede. It's a neat trick if he can do it. A good cowboy can.



"One cowboy always leads the herd, and he usually sings to his cattle to keep them following him... a slow song, with no shrill, high notes. The exuberant yippee-ah-o's have to wait for around the campfire.



"Before he can rest, the cowboy must bed down his cattle. If he doesn't choose the right spot, they will be restless and roam all night, which means that he has to be ever on the alert. No wonder he's lean and tired."

A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why a ten year child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

# A WILLFUL DECEPTION

WOW! CLEM!  
BACK LOOKING  
FOR ANOTHER  
SUBSTANCE  
SO SOON?

YEP, MARSHAL! BUT ON MY  
WAY, I FOUND OLD JEB SLATER  
LYIN' OUTSIDE HIS MINE! HE  
WAS DEAD, MARSHAL... AND  
THIS NOTE WAS IN HIS HAND!

A NOTE FROM  
JEB SLATER?

DON'T KNOW WHAT IT SAYS,  
MARSHAL... 'FEAR I NEVER  
LEARNED READING'!

IT'S JEB'S WILL... LEAVING HIS MINE TO HIS  
NEPHEW, BILL SLATER... SAY, THAT'S THE  
NAME OF THE STRANGER  
WHO CAME TO TOWN  
YESTERDAY! HMM-H!

THANKS, CLEM!  
I'LL TAKE OVER  
FROM HERE!

So AN TROOP DELIVERS THE WILL...

IF YOU'RE JEB'S NEPHEW, IT LOOKS LIKE  
YOU'RE A RICH MAN! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO  
GIVE US PROOF!  
FOR INSTANCE,  
CAN YOU IDENTIFY  
JEB'S HANDWRITING?

SURE! LAST TIME HE  
WROTE WAS TO ASK ME  
TO COME OUT HERE!  
LOOKS LIKE I'M JUST  
IN TIME!

JUST IN TIME TO GO TO JAIL, MISTER! MY  
GUESS IS THAT YOU KILLED JEB, PLANTED THIS  
FAKED WILL, THEN  
BENT IT INTO TOWN...  
READY AND WAITING  
WHEN SOMEONE  
FOUND JEB!

YOU SAID IT  
YOURSELF, MARSHAL!  
IT'S JUST A GUESS!  
NOW PRODUCE THE  
ONE WHO NEEDS  
PROOF!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG!... YOU SEE,  
OLD JEB NEVER LEARNED TO WRITE!



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THE OUTSIDE'S SOFT AS INSIDE  
— AND THEY STAY SOFT !

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